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Read This Startling Story
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This Newspaper

THE THEATERS

(Continued from page seven.)

Fairmont has taken over the Third street theater, which has been closed for the last few months, and will run

a first class picture show there. The theater will be under the management of P. McGovern who with G. A. Murray opened the first moving picture theater in West Virginia, the Odeon theater of this city. Mr. McGovern will try to be ready for business tomorrow.

BRIDE OF LUMBER MILLIONAIRE FIGHTS FOR HIS FREEDOM IN WHITE SLAVE CASE



Mrs. William Rufus Edwards (left), Mrs. Helen B. Turner (top right) and Miss Ada M. Cox.

Mrs. William Rufus Edwards of St. Paul is making a fight to save her husband, a wealthy Minnesota lumberman, under indictment for violation of the Mann act. She is being assisted by her mother, Mrs. Helen E. Turner. Mrs. Edwards became the bride of Edwards after his escapades with Miss Ada M. Cox, a Chicago stenographer, which resulted in his indictment. The bride charges that Edwards is the victim of a plot.

BASEBALL IN A NUTSHELL

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

At Pittsburgh—R. H. E.
Cincinnati 000 001 000—1 4 3
Pittsburgh 101 011 10x—5 12 1
Batteries: Ames, Pittery and Gonzales, Adams and Schang.

At New York—R. H. E.
Boston 400 001 002—7 12 3
New York 000 031 011—6 8 2
Batteries: Davis and Gowdy, Demaree, Schupp and Meyers.

At Philadelphia—R. H. E.
Brooklyn 300 200 200—7 9 3
Philadelphia 014 007 03x—9 13 1
Batteries: Ragon, Schmutz, Steele and McCarty, Tincup, Baumgardner, Mayer and Burns.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

First game—R. H. E.
At Boston—
New York 101 100 011—5 9 4
Boston 000 020 100—3 8 2
Batteries: Warhop and Sweeney, Foster and Thomas.

Second game—R. H. E.
New York 000 100 010—3 6 2
Boston 013 000 00x—4 9 2
Batteries: McHale and Nunamaker, Bedient and Cady.

At Washington—R. H. E.
Philadelphia 000 200 001—3 7 1
Washington 000 000 001—1 3 5
Batteries: Wyckoff and Lapp, Bentley and Henry.

At St. Louis—R. H. E.
Detroit 100 002 00—3 9 2
St. Louis 310 020 01—7 9 0
Batteries: Daus and Stange, Hamilton and Agnew. Called end of eighth inning on account of darkness.

FEDERAL LEAGUE

At Indianapolis—R. H. E.
Kansas City 3 12 0

YOU WILL PAY LESS FOR IT AT BROWN'S We Again Demonstrate That Our Values Are Positively Unobtainable Elsewhere.



You Can Take Your Choice Of
New Beautiful Suits Made In The
Very Newest Styles at

\$12.75

The exact styles that other good stores are selling for \$18.00 to \$22.50. Why should you pay more.

Indeed wonderful is our display of stylish Coats for women and Misses. Correct models combining every new and essential style favored by fashion.

COATS AS LOW AS \$3.98 UP TO \$22.50.

BROWN'S

Clarksburg's Best Popular Price Store

Indianapolis 3 10 2
Batteries: Cullop and Easterly, Kaiserling, Billiard and Texter. Ten innings, called on account of darkness.

At Brooklyn—R. H. E.
Baltimore 3 7 0
Brooklyn 0 8 3
Batteries: Quinn and Kerr, Laditte, Wilson and Watson.

At Buffalo—R. H. E.
Pittsburgh 8 10 1
Buffalo 2 4 3
Batteries: LeClair and Berry, Schultz, Woodman, Brown and Blair and Lavigne.

At Chicago—R. H. E.
St. Louis 1 6 3
Chicago 2 3 1
Batteries: Watson, Crandall and Chapman, Prendergast and Wilson.

STANDING OF CLUBS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Boston	90	58	.619
New York	80	63	.561
St. Louis	78	69	.531
Chicago	75	73	.507
Philadelphia	78	76	.490
Brooklyn	72	76	.486
Pittsburgh	66	82	.449
Cincinnati	58	90	.392

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Philadelphia	97	50	.660
Boston	89	59	.601
Washington	77	71	.517
Detroit	78	71	.516
St. Louis	69	80	.463
New York	68	81	.458
Chicago	68	82	.453
Cleveland	51	100	.338

FEDERAL LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Chicago	84	64	.568
Indianapolis	81	65	.555
Baltimore	78	66	.542
Buffalo	78	67	.532
Brooklyn	73	72	.503
Kansas City	65	79	.451
Pittsburgh	60	81	.426
St. Louis	61	84	.421

GAMES TODAY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Boston at New York.
Cincinnati at Pittsburgh.
Philadelphia at Brooklyn.
Chicago at St. Louis.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

New York at Boston.
Philadelphia at Washington.
St. Louis at Chicago.

FEDERAL LEAGUE

Baltimore at Brooklyn.

BURATTI FUNERAL

Is Held from Church of Immaculate Conception at 2:30 O'clock Today.

Funeral services over the body of Enrico Buratti, age 30, an Italian of Northview, who died of typhoid fever at his home at 5:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon, were held at 2:30 o'clock Friday afternoon from the Church of the Immaculate Conception and Interment was in the Holy Cross cemetery. Buratti, who died after a several weeks' illness, leaves one brother in this country, Basilio Buratti, with whom he resided.

FORGES TO FRONT AS A PLAYER OF CLASS



"Buck" Weaver.

25 pounds Granulated Sugar \$1.90.
Chas. H. Griffin. Both 'phones.

The Play == And Its Audience

Something About "The Traffic" and the Problem Which It Pictures, With a Few Pertinent Points Concerning People Who See the Drama.

THIS is not a dramatic criticism. It is not a dramatic review. But IT IS a significant article, telling of a dramatic presentation of the greatest problem confronting modern civilization. As Chairman of the Illinois Senate Wage and Vice Commission, Lieutenant Governor O'Hara is singularly qualified to discuss the subject herewith treated. And if he reviews audience more than play—why, so much more vital are his words.

By BARRATT O'HARA, Lieutenant Governor of Illinois.

THERE was much quiet weeping by the ladies and gentlemen who witnessed "The Traffic" the night I did. Silent sobs surreptitiously sobbed in what privacy of a playhouse, it is true; but sobs unmistakably and very nearly unanimous. When the lights went on suddenly at curtain drops I saw the handkerchiefs hurriedly drawn as in a Chautauque salute. I presume they carried the damp of human tears. Of my own knowledge, one did, and no one has a better right to declare the charge of that particular bit of linen than have I. In the midst of our weeping some one said, "Those who weep the easiest sometimes have the hardest hearts." The words were part of the play—a very part of the play, we thought—and we were enthusiastically sobbing in accord. Pause! "Those who weep the easiest sometimes have the hardest hearts." We were too busy weeping to apply the line to ourselves.

Well! A half hour later we crowded aboard a coach on the south side elevated at Congress street. We were a portion of

the audience that had seen "The Traffic"—twenty of us perhaps, singly or in couples, strangers save that we had met on a common weeping ground. The coach was crowded. When most of us had found seats the supply exhausted itself. There remained only the straps. In tethered a woman alone—not a happy looking creature, possibly a scrubwoman, hurrying home from mopping on her hands and knees the marble floors of a downtown skyscraper where all types of men, the money changers, will tread tomorrow; past middle age, long past the danger age of white slavery.

The woman was poverty in real life, and the gentlemen who had sobbed at poverty in stage life did not offer her a seat and the ladies who had sobbed at poverty in stage life shrank from poverty in real life, and two of them (I saw them do it) involuntarily swirled their party skirts a bit farther inward as she passed by.

"Those who weep the easiest"—But all this has nothing at all to do with the play. I really have no business dragging it in. If I were a dramatic critic I fear I should lose my position for criticizing the audience in lieu of the players. That is rude. Players are there to be lambasted or glorified. People who can afford the price at the door are immune, by gentlemen's agreement. Still, sometimes the audience needs lecturing the mere "The Traffic" is described as "a sociological play in four acts by Rachael Marshall and Oliver Bailey." It is more than that. It is the story of a girl's descent into the pit—against her will. That is not a nice topic, and I imagine some of our good men and women who try to reform the world without selling the lily white of their gloved hands will find much to criticize in the topic, if not in its presentation. Still, no clean minded young lady need remain away from the theater while "The Traffic" is being presented for "The Traffic" is as clean as an antiseptic bandage, no matter how unnice the ailment beneath may be.

Some months ago numerous girls with painted cheeks appeared before an inquisitorial body, of which I was a member, and charged that certain

economic conditions, that certain gentlemen who had paid less than a living wage, that certain daily brushes with the thing we call poverty had constituted the soul of the artist that applied the paint where the pink roses of girlhood should have bloomed. I remembered the night I saw "The Traffic" how certain men had angrily retorted that economic conditions never affected morality and that only girls who were born bad, who wanted to be bad and who would not be anything else went to the bad. In my judgment these critics should be sentenced to an indeterminate term of attendance at performances of "The Traffic."

I do not know Rachael Marshall and Oliver Bailey. I do not know the producers, the managers, the press agent, the property man or any of the actors who constitute the cast. I presume they are in the show business to make a living, or more, if they are able. I presume "The Traffic" was written, produced and is being acted for the purpose of making money. But I do not hesitate to recommend to the citizenship of Chicago entirely without reservation, even though such recommendation might induce a few more people to buy tickets at the box office and thus swell the profits of the managers. No more would I hesitate to recommend an afflicted friend to the best physician of my acquaintance merely because the learned doctor would charge a fee.

"The Traffic" is the most powerful play dealing with vice and wages that I have been my privilege to witness. It is powerful because true. Unlike "The Love" and some others, it is not overdone. It might be a true story of a real girl here in Chicago, and I defy any one to maintain the contrary.

I am chiefly concerned in "The Traffic" because it is true. I know a great many men and women will not take the time and the trouble to search out and see the tragedy of poverty enacted in real life. I think it is better they should see it in stage life when realistically depicted rather than not see it at all.

Agnes Barton works in a department store for \$4 a week. At night she does piecework for a manufacturer of children's and women's garments. For



"Little sister must go to the country or die. Agnes must have the money. . . . Connors points the way."

sewing the buttonholes in twelve shirt waists she receives 5 cents—usually. If she sells one shirt waist, however slightly, she is penalized 10 cents—that is, she must do two dozen shirt waists without any pay at all. Agnes lives with her sister in a single room in a portion of the city where the housing conditions are of the vilest. The sister is threatened with tuberculosis, and the doctor warns Agnes that little sister must go to the country for fresh air and wholesome food or she cannot live.

Now, living in one room in a low tenement does not afford a girl much opportunity for social activity. You cannot blame her if the men she knows are of an uncertain character. When one is forced to pick untried acquaintances on the streets and at cheap dance halls, one assumes the risk of a gamble. The acquaintance may be an angel, but the odds are tremendously the other way.

Well, Agnes had two friends. One was an angel and the other was a devil. The angel happened to be a young doctor interested in sociological research, almost as peer as Agnes herself. The other was Vic Connors, a professional white slaver, who assailed her home from work, had ingratiated himself in her confidence and had escorted her on a few occasions to a dance hall or a moving picture show. Agnes cared for the doctor much and respected Connors.

Little sister must go to the country or die. Agnes must have the money. There is one way open—Connors points the way. Step right here, good reader, and place yourself fairly in the position of Agnes Barton. An orphan, little sister is the only relative in the world, the only one she loves and idolizes. Little sister will die unless her big sister makes the supreme sacrifice of womanhood.

Well, she packs little sister's trunk and sends her to the country. That is really all there is to the play, although the plot progresses three acts further. It is about all there is to the play, just as it is about all there is to the girl when she takes that kind of a step. A year later Agnes Barton is as hard in manner and as dead in moral

instinct as the hardest of her associates.

Somewhere as I watched the third act of "The Traffic" I saw again the hideously painted face of the girl at Perla, testifying that she had taken the "easiest way" because her father had been a drunkard and her mother had never enjoyed the ordinary comforts of a home. The girl at Perla wanted her mother to "have something" before she reached the grave, and the girl at Perla with the hideously painted face there in the hideously painted face of the Jefferson hotel was only nineteen too.

After witnessing "The Traffic" if you are serious minded enough to give a passing thought to the problem of humanity you will wonder which is the lowest in the vicious industry of white slavery—the employer who pays the girl less than a living wage or the professional white slaver who assails her in a position rendered weak by the starvation wage. The "cadet" who shows the girl no pity, who goes out deliberately to trap her as though she were of no more consequence than a rabbit or a wild bear, denounces the unscrupulous employer as inhuman and brutal. Besides him the professional white slaver feels himself an angel. The employer who underpays the girls working for him regards the professional white slaver as a miserable scoundrel, fit only to be hounded to earth. He boasts of his contributions to all efforts looking toward the extermination of the white slave.

Strange, isn't it, how always the kettle is calling the pot black? "The Traffic" seemed to me to be capably acted. I presume a dramatic critic would name the actors and actresses, patting them each and all on the shoulder, so to speak, with a critical verbal slap. I shall do nothing of the sort, because the players are infinitesimal in the presence of a theme as great as the world itself. The players are of no more importance than you and I and countless millions of other lives that will be created and lived before we have learned that poverty is as inexorable as Asiatic cholera and have found just how to eradicate it.